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Puck

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THE FIRST STEPS ALONE;— MAY 20th, 1902.



AN HONEST FACT.

When things go wrong and I can't do
Just what I like the best,
I feel this world is out of fix
And life's a cruel jest.
And then, of course, I make remarks,
And off I'm sent to bed;
But big folks linger 'round and fuss,
Nothing what they've said.
I don't believe it's fair a bit
For older folks to act
Like Satan Sin and still stay up
—Now that's an honest fact!



DIRECTING HIM.

PARCHED DRUMMER (*in Kansas hamlet*).—Where can I get a drink in this confounded Prohibition town?

TAVERN LANDLORD.—Come out on the porch. Now, do you see, halfway up the street, on the right-hand side, a weatherbeaten one-story buildin', with a whappy-jawed hitchin' post in front of it?

DRUMMER.—Yes!

TAVERN LANDLORD.—Well, that's about the only place in town where you *can't* get a drink if you've got the price;—nobody lives there!

PERPLEXING.

"Faix!" protested the chauffeur; "an' it's not so aisy, what wit' two levers an' a Frinch accent t' luk aferther!"

IN THE NEXT GENERATION.

TEACHER.—Who was Marconi?

PUPIL.—He was the man that stole the ideas of about two hundred people who originated wireless telegraphy.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR—VERBATIM.

Life may be a grand, sweet song until—(Baby has the colic? Too bad!)

When the first disagreement comes, the husband who hesitates is—(Well, have your own way, Maria! Have your own way!)

The petty cares of domestic life should not be allowed—(Well, you know, Maria, I would n't believe a gas meter under oath!)

But when the innocent, guileless children—(Oh! I'd send him to school. I don't believe he's any more sick than I am!)

"T is love that makes it—(Pretty hard to make both ends meet? Well, we can only do the best we can!)

Domestic differences should be kept qui—(That's right, Maria—that's right! Married people will scrap, of course, but the wife should n't issue bulletins of victory!)

Wm. E. McKenna.

PRAYER.

It was his beautiful prayers that particularly commended this pastor.

"The clergyman," observed the pulpit committee, in its report, "who, in the present stage of progress, is able in his prayers to advise the Almighty at all candidly and yet offend no important interests in the pews, is certainly worthy."

The congregation unanimously adopted the committee's report, which fixed the salary at \$10,000 a year, with a vacation of two months during the golf season.



DOING WELL.

FRIEND.—Then your oil is really gushing?

PROMOTER.—Say! It's gushing like a prospectus!



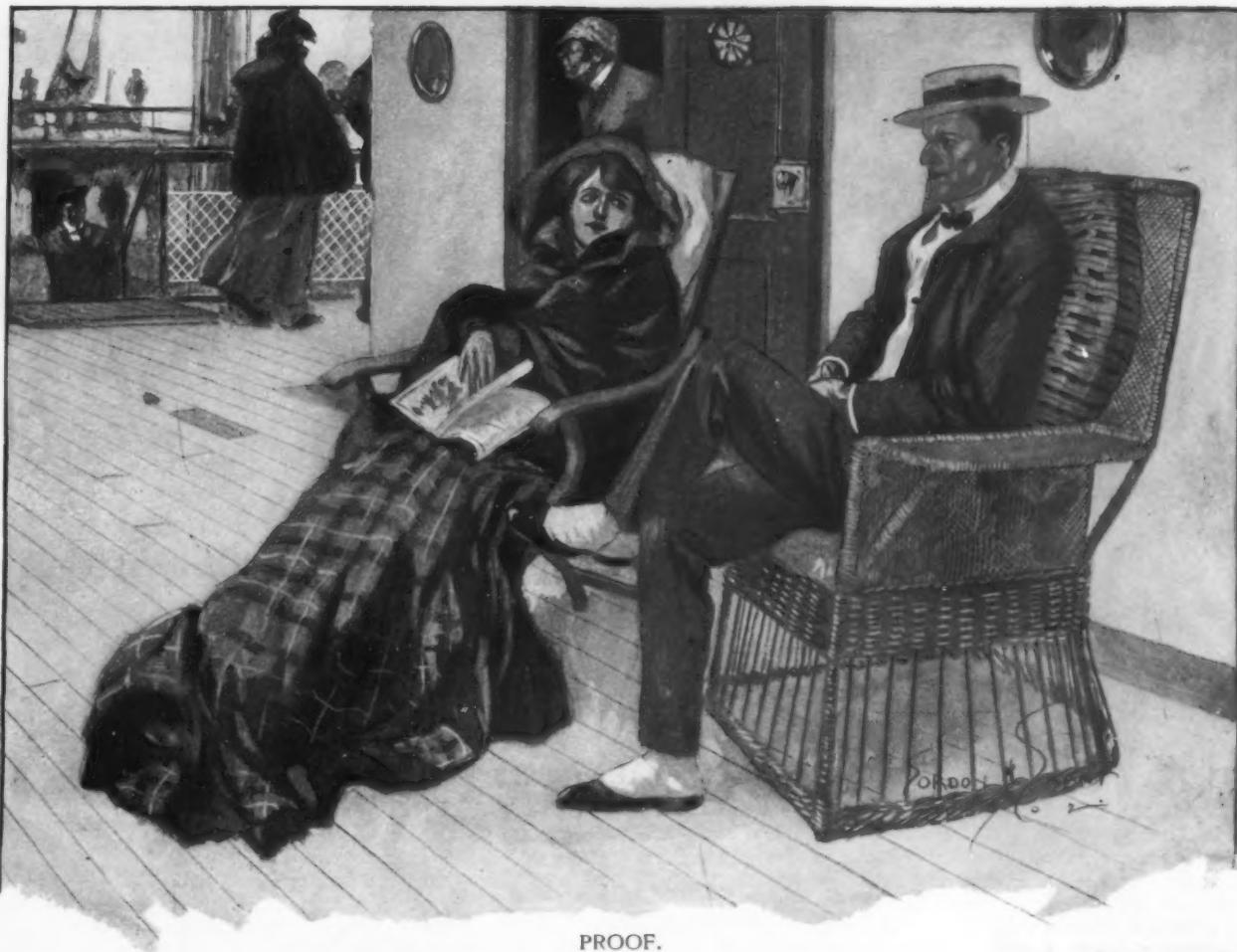
WOULD BE AMUSED.

"May be he'll come back himself."

"I—a—hardly think so!"

"Well, I reckon he would if he knew how you look. It's enough to make a horse laugh!"

PUCK



PROOF.

"Do you think they are very much in love?"
 "In love? Why, he sends her original verse and she thinks it's poetry."

THE ACME OF IGNOMINY.

HENRY HODDER was less elevated than a hole in the ground.

Hodder's family consisted of dogs, children and wives. Two wives—Mrs. Dr. Jekyll Hodder and Mrs. Hyde Hodder. It was common knowledge that on the three hundred and sixty-sixth day of every other leap year the lady gave an accurate performance as Mrs. Dr. Jekyll Hodder.

The dogs and children of the family were not easily distinguishable; the truant officer had difficulty in picking out the children for school attendance.

Hodder had the artistic temperament peculiar to wife-beaters and dog-breeders. He was a variety of biped whose ear was soothed by steampipes that crackled; glass scraped on stone was music to him; the howling of a cur was his idea of a lullaby; Mendelssohn's Spring Song would have hurt his feelings. He folded his hands in perfect peace and sank happily to sleep when his dogs cried and his children yelped and his wife swore.

Among the offspring of the Hodders was a boy named Jerry. Jerry was the youngest child, except one puppy. He had a personality nearly as pleasing as that of an infant rattle-snake. As Jerry grew up, crime was his general joy and arson his particular pastime. When his education was more advanced he stole some money successfully and got into Society.

Jerry's father had borne patiently with him all the years; with unmoved equanimity he had bailed him out whenever occasion required. But shortly after Jerry entered Society, the sad-eyed,

dark-robed angel with sable wings visited the Hodder home. Jerry had been arrested for stealing Golf balls. When Henry Hodder learned of this he promptly died with a broken heart. The shock was too great; it was the first thing that ever had really jarred him—the blow that killed Father.

Fred. Ladd.



PROBABLY.

THE MONKEY.—Why, the circus poster says I'm the most intelligent monkey on earth!

THE ELEPHANT.—If you were, you'd be too intelligent to take any stock in a circus poster!

There is a painful inadequacy about many a man who thinks he is the whole thing.

PUCK



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

WESTERN BARKEEPER (*mystified*).—The tenderfoot says he wants a "stick" in his lemonade. What's that?
PROPRIETOR.—He means he wants a little wood alcohol in it. Give it to him.

FABLE OF EDWARD, WHO GOT THERE BY DUMB LUCK.

Once upon a Time there was a Youth named Edward, who lived in Germantown. Edward wore High Collars and clung lovingly to a Paddock Coat. He was a Large Boy with an Open Countenance, and when you saw his Silhouette on the Wall you thought it was a Fish. In spite of his Size, however, Edward was quite Harmless. He was the Sort of Youth that Mama would call a Nice Boy, and the Gang at the Cigar Store, a Fried Egg.

About two Squares from the Place where Edward put his Shoes under the Bed was Mabel's House, and Mabel—Ah! Now we're talking!—Mabel was a Lalla palazzo! She wore a gray Automobile Coat and had Twenty-seven different Coiffure Pins, and her Hands could give a Kimberley Mine Three Aces and Win Out. She had the Highest Temperature at Manheim, and she was so Popular that some Nights the Butler had to check the Overcoats so they did n't get Mixed. Papa's Family Tree may have been Killed by the Worms, but when it came to the Filthy Lucre he was certainly there with the Goods. Edward thought Mabel was the Real Thing, and so did Mabel.

One Night during the Christmas Holidays Edward bought a Box of Rameses Cigarettes and called on Mabel. None of the Other Boys was there, and Edward was so Surprised that he Tripped over the Rug.

After they had exchanged the Mouldy Talky-talk which constitutes the Preliminaries in the Ruth Ashmore Rules, Mabel took Edward to the Library and showed him Why the Other Boys had Pawned their Watches, but the Only Thing that Edward could see was a Bunch of Green under the Chandelier.

Now, Edward was a Gooey Boy, but the Nearest he had ever gotten to Mabel had been to Turn the Music. She seemed to Paralyze him. To-night she made Maxine Elliott look like a Brewery Calendar, and Edward determined to Risk a Frost, even if he Mussed his Hair.

One of Mabel's Presents was a Music Box. Mabel Turned it Loose and it played Mascagni's "Intermezzo." Edward asked for "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," but Mabel gave a Chilly Smile and put on the tin Pie Plate that was labelled "Largo." Edward said he did n't know that Song and asked for a Waltz. He had an Idea, which was Unusual for Edward.

Mabel Fed the Machine as Edward requested and the Young People waltzed for some Time, but Edward felt like Blondin when he was in the Middle of the Rope. He spun round the Chandelier till he was Dizzy, but he was Dead Leary. Finally, Mabel got Mad. "Say," said she, "is this a Merry-go-Round or What?"

Then Edward got Reckless. He prayed for an Easy Death and a Pillow of White Roses with the words, "At Rest." Then he pushed Mabel under the Bunch of Green, got a Strangle Hold and Osculated.

Did Mabel Faint or get Pale around the Gills? Well, May be Not! She Handed him One that sounded like the Man who Got In on a Pass, and Edward thought it would be Clear Next Day, judging by the Firmanent.

"How dare you!" exclaimed Mabel, breathing with the Loud Pedal on.

Edward Swallowed Hard and pointed a Wabbly Finger at the Shrubbery. His Knees were Vibrating Rapidly, and his Face looked like a Country Schoolhouse after they had put on the Last Coat.

A Great White Light dawned upon Mabel, and she gave Edward the Merry Ha-ha. "That is not a Mistletoe, you Stewpid Boy," said she; "that is Holly." And that was no Figure of Speech. Mabel held Double Pinocchio all right, but she had Drawn it Too Late.

There was an Awkward Pause. Then the Corners of Mabel's Mouth Twitched and she gave Edward the Glad Eye. Edward was no Rochefoucauld, but when a Brick hit him he knew it. He Grappled with Mabel and Singed her Hair with a Line of Elementary Conversation. Mabel Cuddled.

When Edward left he was so Proud of Himself that he smoked all his Cigarettes and gave the Box to a Little Colored Boy.

MORAL.—You don't need Mistletoe if you have the Nerve.

The Baldheaded Man.

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, which makes her the grandmother of the bulk of the foreign news we see in the daily papers.

In looking back over our own trail it seems as if we always stopped to rest in the wrong places.

PUCK

THE GIRL OF GIRLS.

GIRLS there are more handsome far,
Girls more worldly wise,
Dainty girls with wind-blown curls,
Girls with pansy eyes;
Girls who smile with 'witching guile,
Girls whose hearts are true,
Girls well met, and yet—and yet—
There's only one girl you.

Girls demure, rich girls and poor,
Girls well known to fame,
Girls with part in shaping art,—
Girls who've made a name;—
Girls they call "divinely tall,"
Girls one well might woo,
So chic and small; but, after all,
There's only one girl you.

Girls dressed in silk, Dame Fashion's
ilk,
I've met in giddy whirls
Of waltz, and those in plainer clothes—
The gowned-in-gingham girls.

Confess will I they take my eye;
My heart? — that none can do!
If asked the why I'd make reply:
"There's only one girl *you*!"

Roy Farrell Greene.

OUR RULERS.

"So the President is the servant of the people, eh?" said the man from a foreign land. "Well, it seems to me that you treat him with a good deal of respect and consideration for a servant."

"Huh!" scornfully retorted the native-born. "I guess you never lived in the suburbs."

LIFE'S DOORYARD.

Hemmed ever in our Lot's contracted scope,
We daily dream about the World's expanses,
And stand tiptoe upon expectant Hope
To peep above the Fence of Circumstances.



HIS VIEW.

SHE.—Do you believe in taxing bachelors?
HE.—Certainly! All luxuries should be taxed!



CARELESSNESS.

DOCTOR ADJUTANT-BIRD.—So you have taken the whole bottle, eh? Well, it's very strange that you don't feel any better.

THE OSTRICH.—Do you know, Doctor, it has just struck me that I forgot to remove the cork!

THE SIX O'CLOCK DINNER.

The six o'clock dinner is not a mere fad; anyway, not extremely mere.

The six o'clock dinner obliterates the appetite for breakfast. But for the six o'clock dinner there would probably be but a meagre demand for breakfast foods, and that which is now a great industry, employing many hands and advertising liberally, would hardly exist.

The six o'clock dinner kills a man sooner or later; usually not until after he has amassed a fortune, yet before he has had time to queer his wife and daughters socially with his chin-whiskers and bad grammar.

The six o'clock dinner keeps one awake nights, thus nearly doubling the number of his business hours.

INTEMPERANCE.

The hero of the story for boys complained of pains in the epigastrium.

"Indigestion!" said the physician, severely. "You must be more abstemious. You probably tighten your belt four or five holes for dinner, when two holes is plenty! And six o'clock dinner, too, I daresay!"

Glendower bit his lip, and in that moment silently cursed the frailty of the flesh.

S. R. O.

The world is but a fleeting show
From cradle unto tomb,
And all that some of us can get
Is standing room.

IN THE practice of medicine it often happens that a jolly does the work the prescription gets credit for.

PUCK



ENCOURAGEMENT.

HE.—Golf is n't so easy as it looks.

SHE.—Oh, no! And, perhaps, Cholly, in time you'll learn other things about it.

AN ABBREVIATED CAST.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Hon. John Joplin, advancing to the front of the stage of the Grand Opera House at New Harmony, Ind., and addressing the beauty and chivalry of the hamlet before him assembled, "I am requested to get off a few—er-h'm!—well-chosen words of apology regarding certain shortcomings in the performance of 'Ali Baba; or, The Forty Thieves,' with which we of the New Harmony Thespian Club will endeavor to edify you upon this occasion.

"It's like this: After the play had been rehearsed for a spell it was found that it would be impossible to have the whole forty of the *Thieves* in the cast. Some of 'em backed out; some expected to be called away on business; and some, I am sorry to say, threatened to be ill. And there was the further consideration that if the entire forty were involved it would curtail the profits of the entertainment by cutting down the number of prospective auditors to an undesirable degree. It was therefore decided



HAD OTHER NAMES FOR IT.

THE POET.—I suppose you'd call that a roundelay?
THE EDITOR.—I might—in the presence of ladies.

The weak point about some philosophers is that they would rather philosophize than work.

to restrict the number to four, namely, Jakey Swindlebaum, the urbane proprietor of the Golden Rule Clothing Palace; P. I. Snitch, the loan agent; Sanderson Hooks, the enterprising real estate dealer, and my humble self. Trusting, ladies and gentlemen, that this explanation will be entirely satisfactory, and that you will kindly excuse the unavoidable absence of the other thirty-six *Thieves*, I will now ask Professor Hammersmith to favor us with a piano solo on the elegant instrument so kindly loaned for the occasion by Dr. Potter, the public-spirited music dealer and undertaker, after which we will commence the evening's entertainment with the first act of 'Ali Baba.' Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you! Let 'er go, Professor!"

Tom P. Morgan.

RAPID TRANSIT.

Great discoveries are made mostly by accident.

Away back in the year 1903, my children, an humble salesman in a grocery, hurrying home one evening, was blown into the air by an explosion in the so-called rapid transit tunnel, and fell in the outskirts of Brooklyn. To be sure, he lived in Harlem, but that did not prevent it occurring to him that dynamite was cheap and reliable, and that being blown through the air was better than being dragged through a tunnel, particularly in warm weather.

The salesman, as you have doubtlessly guessed, was none other than John Smith, the discoverer of the great secret of rapid transit.



HE LEARNS SOMETHING.

"I tell you there's nothing like perseverance! I've been trying and trying to break that shell, and sometimes I thought I could n't, but I just kept at it and did it!"

A CHANGE.

UNCLE JOSH.—Soyer beginnin' to think Adam was a myth, are ye?

UNCLE SILAS.—Well, I ruther think he is now; but I kin remember when he was n't.

ONTO HIM.

KLUBMANN.—Newed used to tell his wife everything he heard at the club, but he does so no longer.

MRS. KLUBMANN.—Why?

KLUBMANN (smilingly).—He does n't hear anything.

PROMISES.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.—I shan't forget the promises in virtue of which I have been elected.

POLITICAL MANAGER.—That's right. Bear them in mind. With a little brushing up they'll probably elect you again.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE MODERN KING. THE WORLD has known every kind of king from Charlemagne to comic opera. England's proud line reaches 'way back to Albert Edward; Germany's Kaiser flaunts Divine Right with all the flaunt of a thoroughbred and an enthusiast; but the uncrowned monarch of them all is the Prince of Finance, the peerless peer of mammoth schemers, J. Pierpont Morgan. The combination of the world's greatest commercial industries has been his royal prerogative. Transportation is his specialty. From shore to shore of the Western continent has but afforded him a field wherein to practice his powers. The great merger of ocean liners is his latest achievement. The modern-day American King who essays to control the trade of the world is indeed a striking, a ponderous figure. Dwarfed and inconsequential seem the blue-blooded scions of Europe beside the man whose brains, executive ability and resistless capacity for holding commercial destinies in the hollow of his hand command the attention of all Republics and all Kingdoms. The splendor of thrones, the pomp of rulers and the glory of tradition seem like pages from fairy tales in their relation to the superb importance of present, actual commercial potentiality. J. Pierpont Morgan is Arch King of Kings in to-day's reckoning of powers that be. He represents, rules and makes ever mightier the sovereignty of the almighty dollar. Is this a commentary on our civilization or a product of our environment? Is it the beginning or the end? Some perturbed English newspapers fear that it is the end of British commercial supremacy. Prophets there be who view the situation with much seriousness and foresee the end of Morgan. In crossing the ocean, will he fall in? Up to now his life-preservers are in working order.

HER FIRST STEPS ALONE. MAY CUBA's first steps alone be sturdy and unfaltering. May every step in the new national life of Columbia's ward be toward achievement and prosperity. Guided by destiny, and aided by the first power of the Western world in time of her direst distress, Cuba emerges from the history of dark centuries and the horrors of long oppression. Patriotism, patience and energy among her own people will do much to assure a strong national life for Cuba. If circumstances press too hard upon her we who gave her freedom will not hesitate to give her strength. Indeed it is evident that much of Cuba's strength must come from the United States. It is not fair to expect that she will never need material encouragement. She does need it; having placed her in her present position this country would be lacking both in statesmanship and decency if we gave no favors and granted no real gifts. It is manifestly for our selfish advantage that Cuba should prosper, that peace and content should reign in the island so near to our doors. We are not dependent upon Cuba as she is upon us in trade relations, but her gain will always be our gain in the long run. Should the Pearl of the Antilles lose its lustre through our neglect or selfishness it would be much to our dishonor. Annexationists are likely

to be clamorous from the very start. The future will bring light upon the wisdom of that. If it proves wise it probably will happen. But for the present we owe Cuba simply a "plain duty"—beet sugar philanthropists to the contrary notwithstanding.

NOT A PHYSICAL PROBLEM. MR. H. A. ALLEN, who reaches six feet seven and a half inches toward the clouds, and Miss Maude Horner, who rises only four feet five and a half inches from the ground were recently married in Indiana. As Mr. Allen is only seventeen years old and Miss Horner fifteen, they have an opportunity to grow up together, intellectually and morally. Disparity of physical stature is not so serious in matrimony as difference of soul. It is fearfully common for a man with a heart and a brain to give his marital happiness into the keeping of a woman with a petty soul and an imitation mind. It is equally common for a woman with towering ideals to mate with a man whose nature grovels a thousand leagues beneath her. Such unfortunate differences excite little comment and no amusement. Rather it is a silent tragedy which occurs every hour of every day. As Mr. Allen bowed his head to the charms of Miss Horner and as Miss Horner gazed on high toward Mr. Allen's beryl eyes they at least could see what they were doing. There is no excuse for them if they find their lives together inconvenient. May they be unlike those unhappy ones who find only by the passing of months and years that stooping is impracticable and boasting a failure.

FOOLING FATHER TIME. THE FADS to which staid voters lend themselves to get to the grave as late as possible and as sound as certain immutable physiological laws will permit are oftener than not commendable. Just now a lot of brainy workers of humanity are receiving the homage and the dollars of a multitude of brain workers by selling "systems" whereby perfect physical development, marvelous recuperative energy, rejuvenated powers of endurance and assurances of added years of life are guaranteed to all who have the price. The portly gentleman of fifty-four and the good old sport of sixty-seven,—behold them stripped for the fray; they are anxious to be as young as they used to be; arms in front, stomach in, chest out, muscles rigid, breathe deeply; fill the lungs to the bursting point—one, two, three, exhale! Lie on the back, twist the side, shove the foot, wave the arm, inhale, exhale! Fifty-six kicks, thirty-one punches, eight biffs and a contortion! Hot sweat, cold bath and a quick rub-down. Thus shall "science" fool Father Time. We suggest that there is still a lot of firewood in the country not yet sawed into stove lengths. Unhinging gates and getting away quickly used to be excellent for the circulation.



ANOTHER GOOD WAY.

CHIMMY.—Wot 's de best way to teach a girl to swim?
JOHNNY.—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm gently 'round her waist, and—
CHIMMY.—Oh, cut it out! I 's me sister!
JOHNNY.—Oh! Push her dock!



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SOMEBODY TORE MY PLAYHOUSE DOWN.

(A Song.)



LITTLE BOY with heart so light
Built for himself, with his blocks so bright,
A castle, and left it to stand all night;
But, ah! When he came to look next morn
All the joy from his heart had flown.
His house was wrecked, and I heard him mourn:
"Somebody tored my playhouse down,
Somebody throwed my blocks around;
Just as I got the work all done —
Somebody tored my playhouse down!"

Mother spoke to her baby low:
"Hush, Little Dear! Don't you cry so!
This is the rule of life, you know.
You'll find, as you travel the world
around,
Just when you get your work all done
Somebody 'll tear your playhouse down."

"Somebody 'll tear your playhouse down,
Somebody 'll throw your blocks around;
Just when you get your work all done
Somebody 'll tear your playhouse down."

This is the old world's way with us all,
Often we've seen our castles fall,
Sweet dream-castles, fair and tall;
Weary we toil and plan alone.
Just as we think to claim our own,
Somebody tears our playhouse down,
Somebody tears our playhouse down,
Somebody throws our blocks around;
Just as we get the work all done
Somebody tears our playhouse down.

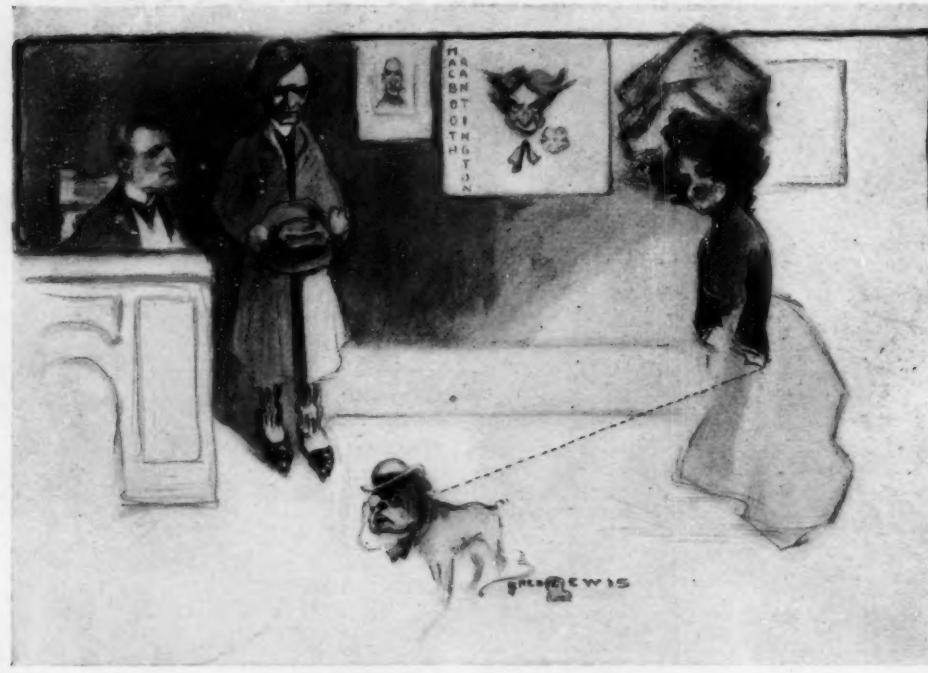
Chas. W. Patrick.



HEATHEN INJUSTICE.

MRS. BROWN.—When a cannibal king dies they kill all his wives so they can accompany him on his journey;—isn't that awful!

MR. BROWN.—Fierce! They ought to give the poor guy a month to himself, anyway.



A PROSPECTIVE MAD DOG.

DOLLY DIMPLES (*the soubrette*).—Pingy is only six months old; but his education is about finished and I taught him everything he knows.

VAUDEVILLE AGENT.—Well, I'd advise you to get rid of him before he cuts his wisdom teeth and finds out who did it.

ONE ON SHAKSPERE.

"I say, Ben," remarked Shakspere, quizzically, "that man Boswell is a pretty good press agent, isn't he?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jonson. "That's one on you, Will. You have fallen into the common error of confusing me with Samuel Johnson, who is n't even born yet."

"Oh! That's all right, Ben," replied the bard, trying to hide his embarrassment under a mask of flippancy. "A little thing like an anachronism never did worry me, you know."

CHARITY.

The proletariat had the livers to-day and was in an uncommonly sour mood.

"Charity!" it sneered. "The bestowal on our women of their out-of-date wraps and on our children of toys that their children have eaten about all the bright paint off! Faugh!"

And the proletariat glowered darkly in the direction of the moneyed classes.

A POPULAR MAN.

DINWIDDLE.—I wonder if I could induce the commodore of your yacht club to be the agent for my firm's champagne?

OTTINGER (*confidently*).—Don't bother about him. You make me the agent for your champagne and the club will make me commodore!

The egotist thinks a great deal of himself, but he does n't give the subject sufficient thought.



IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

"And what thinkest thou? — The Van Schnapps are going to move to Brooklyn!"
"Sayest thou so? But they were always venturesome!"

IT IS one of the inscrutable decrees of Providence that everybody who really knows how to run the government of a city of three million people is busy editing some newspaper outside New York.

WE understand the operation of the Maine liquor law, the Demon Rum has been dethroned up there and the Demon Ground Glass and Vitriol holds sway in its stead.



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HERE's a new one. The other day we heard a man call an umbrella a "rain stick." — *Washington Democrat.*

IN addition to his other troubles, the Sultan of Turkey is expecting a visit from his wives' relatives. — *Washington Post.*



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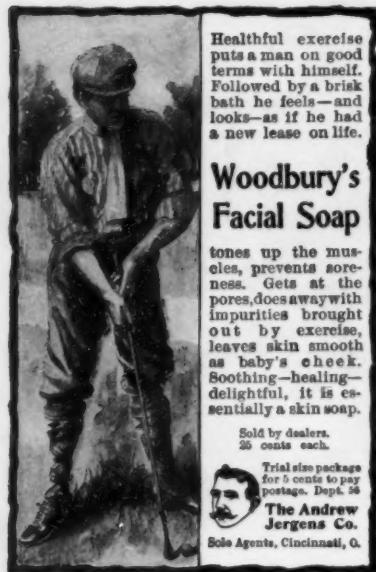
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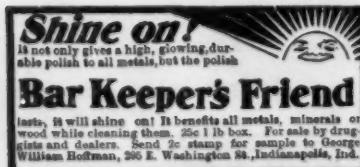
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No. 44

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INQUIRING BOY.—What is a reporter?

FATHER.—A reporter is a man who writes up an Irish parade as if he were an Irishman, and then turns about and writes up an English celebration as if he were an Englishman.

BOY.—What is a humorist?

FATHER.—A humorist is a man who writes up an Irish parade as if he were an Englishman, and an English celebration as if he were an Irishman.—*New York Weekly*.

HER FIRST VISIT.

"This is where the laws are made," said Mr. McBride to his wife, as he showed her Congress at work.

"And which is the framing department?" asked Mrs. McBride.

Her husband looked puzzled.

"I read in the papers that laws were framed in Washington, you know," she explained.—*Detroit Free Press*.



NO CURIOSITY.

"Goodness! I've heard that his bark is worse than his bite; but I don't want to find out!"

A FLATTERING OVATION.

"So you made a great hit in your presentation of *Hamlet*, Mr. Barnstorfer? I suppose the audiences called you to come out before the curtain."

"Called me? They dared me!"—*Baltimore News*.

WHAT A NICE YOUNG MAN!

"I see that the bees have to visit three million blossoms in order to gather a pound of honey."

"Foolish bees! One trip to my sweetheart's lips would be quite enough."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HOW CRUEL OF HIM.

MRS. MANN.—William, why do you race off to the club every evening right after dinner?

MR. MANN.—I want to make up for all the evenings I lost while I was courting.—*Chelsea Gazette*.

WE pause long enough in trying to remember what it was we had started to do before one of the two office telephones rang, to admire that Kansas City saloon-keeper who caused a sensation last night by drawing his revolver and shooting his telephone full of holes. Our heart goes out to him.—*Atchison Globe*.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—What kind of a cigar is that you're smoking?

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—That's the latest, dear; it's called a Ping-pong.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—"Well, I can't understand why they call it that," said the lady, with her hand at her nose; "it certainly is not adapted to the house."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

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CRIMSONBEAK.—Do you suppose they will ever reach that stage when they will use cologne instead of gasoline?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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"That is quite true," answered Senator Sorghum. "Indeed, I should carry the qualification still further and say that nobody shall vote who does n't read and write what we tell him to."—*Washington Star*.

THERE are some lines of business that almost require a man who does n't know very much.—*Washington Democrat*.

We point with pride to the fact that Atchison men wear their hair short, and the women wear it long.—*Atchison Globe*.

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GLADYS.—That rich young Foodledum said if I didn't marry him he should die.

ETHEL.—Of course you accepted him?

GLADYS.—Of course! I could n't bear to think of the poor chap's dying so rich;—it might keep him out of heaven, you know.

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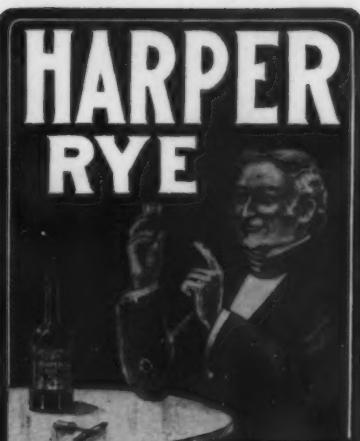
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"Don't you sometimes find it difficult to be absolutely conscientious in your art?"

"Yes," answered the emotional actress. "If I were to do one-half the things the press agent credits me with doing, I would not have time for eating or sleeping." — *Washington Star*.

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"That's what I wants to come from," was the reply; "an' durn quick, too!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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MRS. COTHERSTONE. — So, Delia, your daughter is to marry that actor?

MRS. GUSHINGTON. — Yes, Clara. Oh! Won't it be lovely to have a Hamlet in the family! — *Detroit Free Press*.

WE think about the queerest sensation in the world would be to attend a church entertainment where everything is served free. — *Atchison Globe*.

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HER OPINION.

THE MAID. — Must be serious. When a girl reads a man's letters over three times it is n't because she did n't know what he said the first time!

THE need of an excuse is the step-mother of invention. — *Birmingham News*.

GET on the other side of a hindrance and you will see it labeled "Help." — *Ram's Horn*.

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I.
A race between our two traveling merchants, Dingleberger and Tinkelheimer, to the next village. Ten guldens the bet. Our host of the Jolly Jackdaw starts the contest.



II.
Five miles are past. Dingleberger has the lead and Tinkelheimer an idea.



III.
"Heavy grows my load," quoths Dingleberger; "but I am far ahead, for can I no longer hear the pattering footsteps of that boasting varlet, Tinkelheimer."



IV.
"But one mile to Stoggleberg and not even in sight is that vaunting caitiff with all his light pack."



V.
"Here will I rest, and at first show of knave Tinkelheimer's hat over crest of yon hill—onward to Stoggleberg will I hie me."



VI.
"Welcome to Stoggleberg—Slowpoke Dingleberger! Hand me the guldens, and merry we will be at thy expense!" says Tinkelheimer.

HARE DINGLEBERGER AND TORTOISE TINKELHEIMER.